

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Did he tell you that?" uttered the youth, indignantly, and with much surprise. "Then he deceived you, Mary, most wickedly deceived you. On that occasion our vessel lay at our rendezvous at Manitowish. Six of our men, at the point of death, and when they heard that I meant to leave them they wept like children, and begged me not to forsake them to death. What could I do? Those men had been friends to me, and I know that some of them would have laid down their very lives for me in the end. I asked Laroon to run the brig to Silver Bay, but he would not. I asked him what was to become of our sick men. His answer was this: 'Let them die if they will. We can get new men more easily than we can cure them.' I told him to come, and to tell you that I had remained behind to save the lives of some of my suffering fellow creatures."

"Oh!" murmured the maiden, once more throwing her arms about the youth's neck. "I could not believe all that he meant for me to believe, but yet I was sad and unhappy. But I bless you now. Ah, Paul, I should have been happier had I known all before."

"Then you may be happy that you know all now. And if the knowledge of my truth will make you happy, be so ever."

"Yes, Paul—happy now," she exclaimed, "but how shall the future be?"

"I know what you mean," and holding his companion so that he could look into her face, Paul continued: "It was upon this subject that I desired most to speak. I know that I am not safe here. But I have resolved upon it. Many a time could I have fled from the wicked man, but I had rather die than go alone. Sometime—some time when I can take you with me—then I will flee from them. Do you understand me, Mary?"

"And would you flee with me?"

"Oh, how gladly—how quickly!"

"And when we have fled, would you be mine for life?"

"Everything—everything—for you, Paul, so that I might be free from the rule of our dark master."

CHAPTER IX.

For some moments after this the twin sat there locked in each other's arms. At length the young man spoke:

"Mary," he said, "we have a strange man on board our vessel. He knows where we used to live in America."

The maiden started up and looked her companion almost wildly in the face, but the extreme emotion soon passed away, and she was more calm.

"He told me some things," continued Paul, "which I remembered. Do you remember the name of Humphrey?"

Mary repeated the name several times, and a sort of intelligent gleam rested upon her countenance.

"Surely, Paul, there is something familiar in the sound of that name, but I cannot call it to mind."

"I should not suppose you could, for you were not over three years old when we both came with Laroon. But this man of whom I speak has seen us both, in years gone by—when we were both very small—'till Col. Stephen Humphrey's; and I remember of calling some one 'Uncle Stephen.' I remember it well. Oh, Mary, we must escape from here! I know that Mari Laroon has no right to us, and I cannot divest myself of the idea that he did a great sin when he took us away from our home," said Paul.

"Then he is not your father?" uttered the maiden, with some energy.

"No," answered Paul, quickly and energetically. "I know he is not my father. Not only does every feeling of my soul assure me that such is not the case, but Mari Laroon's own manner proves it. And then this man—Buffo Burnington, he calls himself—assures me that he is not. Thank heaven, I owe no spark of being to that dark-souled man!"

There was another silence of some moments, at the end of which Paul resumed:

"Mari Laroon was here last night. Of course, you saw him? What did he say?"

"I could not tell you. He talked very strangely at times, and you may laugh at me, and think me very foolish—but certainly he did talk more like a lover than a guardian."

Paul started and turned pale.

"Mari Laroon does love you—all he is capable of loving. If we remain here, you are lost. Now, I know what his strange words to me have meant. He means that you shall be his wife!"

The fair girl gazed into her companion's face for some moments without speaking, and the fixed, vacant look of the eyes showed that she was thinking of something past.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" she at length uttered, clasping her hands together. "It is for that perhaps that he has called the miners—four of them—to the castle, and bade them remain here. It is for that he has given directions for the nightwatch doubled, and for having no soul pass out from here save the crew of the brig, and the fishermen and hunters."

"And how has it been with you since he was here last? Have you been strictly watched?"

"I have been but a prisoner, Paul—but a mere prisoner. I have not been allowed to go outside of these walls without two attendants, and one of those must be from Laroon's blind followers. His negroes have kept an eye upon me all the time, and I do not think that during the past year I could have escaped, even had I bent my whole energies to the purpose all the time. But do you—oh, do you think that he means to—"

"I fear he means to make you his wife."

grasp, and then hastened away. Paul returned to the room where he had left Mary, and found her just coming toward him.

"Paul," she said, "I thought you told me that Mari Laroon would remain on board the brig until you returned."

"So I did," said the young man, with some surprise.

"But he is here now."

"Impossible!"

"I am sure I saw him in the garden but a moment ago, and he was gazing most closely at my window."

Paul started to the window and looked out, but he could see nothing. The window overlooked a small garden which was enclosed within the wall, and Mary pointed to a clump of orange shrubs, where she had seen Laroon. But it was too dark to see objects plainly at such a distance, and Paul gave up the search. But he was not easy. First, he believed that the old slave had been set to watch him, and if Mari Laroon had really come up from the brig, then there was something serious in the wind.

Mary ordered her attendants to prepare supper in her own apartment, and candles were brought and the meal was served. Paul ate almost in silence, for he was very uneasy, and he wished not to force doubts upon his fair companion; and Mary, too, was far from being easy in her mind.

CHAPTER X.

While Paul and Mary were eating their supper, there was a scene transpiring in another part of the building which was not wholly unconnected with their interests. Mari Laroon had come up from the brig, though he had not come in a boat. He had administered a powerful dose of opium to the old gunner, and as soon as the invalid was asleep, he had been set on shore for the purpose, as he said, of taking a look at the country. As soon as his boat had returned, and he had got out of sight of the crew, he had started for the castle.

It was an out-of-the-way apartment in which the pirate captain now was, and he had one companion—the very woman whom we have seen at the young people's door, and whom Paul caught in the very act.

"Now, what have you heard?" asked Mari, with much eagerness.

"Oh, I heard lots," returned the old negress, showing the whites of her eyes prodigiously. "Paul said you wasn't his father, and Miss Mary said she was dretful glad. Den dey tole—or rudder Mari's Paul tole 'bout a man 'board de brig as tole him you for sartins sure wa'n't his father."

"That is some of Mr. Buffo Burnington's—"

"Dat's um, dat's um, mas'r," interrupted the slave, clapping her hands. "Dat's his name, 'cause I heard Mas'r Paul say so."

"But tell me, Hagar, what else did Paul say about this fellow?"

"Oh, he said lots. Fust, dis man tole him what he was born, and who he lib wid when he was a little pleanniny. Den he tole him 'bout—'bout de man what he call uncle. It was Humphrey. Dat's um for sartins sure."

The pirate's black eyes now emitted sparks of fire. He walked up and down the narrow apartment several times like a chafed tiger. At length he stopped, and being somewhat cooled down, he said:

"Now, tell me what else the boy and girl talked about."

"He lubs her and she lubs him, an' dey talk 'bout runnin' away."

"Did they make any plans for so doing?"

"No, not as I knows on. But dey was boff of um dretful 'frid you war goin' to marry wid Mary."

Mari Laroon walked up and down the room, and when he stopped there was a dark smile upon his face.

"Hagar," he said, "you have done well, and you shall be rewarded for it. You must watch them carefully, and be sure that they move not into the garden without you are close upon them. Follow them everywhere they go and hear every word they say. And, mind, not one lip that I have been here to-night—not a word to a living soul. I shall be here to-morrow night, and then you shall tell me what more you have seen and heard."

Hagar promised to obey, and shortly afterward the pirate captain left the place. He passed out through the garden, and thence he made his exit by way of a postern, and then hurried off by the upland path to the bay, which he reached about 9 o'clock. At a given signal a boat came off for him, and his patient was not awake, so he fancied there would be no trouble on account of poor Ben.

After Paul and Mary had finished their supper and the things had been removed, they sat down and commenced to converse once more. The young man had thought much during the meal, and he was now ready to go ahead with his investigations.

"Mary," he said, "are you sure that was Mari Laroon whom you saw in the garden?"

"Just as sure as I am that I see you now," replied the maiden.

"Then of course he has come to watch us. I know him well. Is there any one in the castle whom you have occasion to think he would select in preference to another for a spy?"

"Oh, yes; he would take old Hagar for that business."

"And she is the one whom I found at the door. Does she answer your summons?"

"Yes, always; but you will get nothing from her, for she is as crafty as a fox, and as cunning as mortal can be."

"Never mind. I may not get any words from her to that effect, but I can read much from her looks. Will you call her?"

Mary arose and pulled a cord that hung near her, and ere long a young Indian girl appeared, and Mary requested her to send Hagar up. The girl disappeared, and in a short time afterwards Hagar made her appearance.

"Hagar," said Paul, speaking kindly and with a smile, "I forgot to tell you before, but the captain wants you to have everything ready for him to-morrow night as he will be here at that time."

"Bertin," replied the old woman, with a twinkling of the brown eyes that Paul at once understood.

"That was the order he sent by me, and for the sake of doing my duty I give it, but you needn't make the preparations, for he will not come. This afternoon he fell and broke his leg."

"Hi, hi, hi—yah!" laughed the old slave. "Gee, Mas'r Paul don't know nothin' 'bout it."

"But I do know. The poor man is suffering the most excruciating agony, and he cannot bear to be brought up here."

The old woman smiled, but spoke not a word.

"What do you think about it?" asked Paul.

"I think I'll do same as you do. I get 'um all ready so to obey orders." Hagar went out, and as soon as Paul was sure she was out of hearing, he said:

"So she has seen him. How did she know his leg was not broken, if she had not seen him. But do not fear, for Mari Laroon will have his hands and head both full when he attempts to come directly to the antagonistic with me. Very fortunately, I know as much as he does, and more, too; for I know just how much he knows, while he will not dream that I mistrust him."

"But how much do you think he does know?" asked Mary.

"Why, I feel confident he knows nearly all we said before you saw him in the garden. I am confident Hagar heard it all, and if she did, then the captain knows it all now. I am more sorry for Burnington than for myself; but I will put him on his guard as soon as I go on board. I wish I knew more of that man."

"Why?" uttered the maiden. "Is there anything peculiar about him?"

"Of course, there must be; and since I have been here I have thought more of him than I ever did before. His face is before me, and I see it plainly—I see it as something that I have already seen before; and yet, so strange is that face, that even an infant should not seem to forget it. And, then his voice, too. But I cannot think—I cannot call up clearly, or even dimly, anything of him in the past."

"But what is he, Paul?" asked Mary, much interested. "What sort of looking man?"

"At first sight he is one of the most homely, repulsive men I ever saw. He has but one eye, and the yellow socket is very much disfigured. His face is very much disfigured and is very dark, his hair red and short, and crisp, his brow very low and overhanging, his face all distorted and grim; and besides, one of his legs is much shorter than the other."

"Surely," returned Mary, with a smile, "you have painted not a very inviting figure."

"So he appeared to me; but since I have talked with him, he seems different. When three stout men had set upon me, he came up and overcame them. When not another of my shipmates noticed me, he sought me out in my need and saved me. He stuck bravely, too."

"Oh, how I shall love him now," murmured the fair girl, while her eyes brought a bright tear to her eye. Paul understood her meaning, and his grateful look was reward enough.

(To be continued.)

HEROISM OF A BOER BOY.

Faces Death Rather Than Reveal the Whereabouts of His Companions.

Major Seely, D. S. O., tells a pathetic story of a little Boer lad who preferred to die rather than give any information likely to result in the capture of his fellow countrymen.

On one occasion during the war, Major Seely said, he was instructed to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a farmhouse some 20 miles away. He got the men ready and they set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but they got to the farmhouse all right, only to find, however, that the elusive Boer had cleared out in an unknown direction.

"It was vitally important that the British force should get some information, for it became a question perhaps of the Boers catching them and not they catching the Boer commandant. At the farmhouse they saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. Major Seely asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise. 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' was the next question, and the boy became suspicious and answered, 'I don't know.'"

"I decided then," continued Major Seely, "to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.'"

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

R. CARTER. J. B. CARTER.

Z. R. CARTER & BRO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Grain and Hay

Halsted and 16th Sts.,

Telephone Canal 27. CHICAGO

—THE—

M. P. Byrne Construction Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Sewers, Water Works, Conduits, and Electric Plants a Specialty.

ROOM 30,

88 East Washington Street.

J. J. VANDERBILT

DEALER IN

Hay, Grain and Feed

Baled Shavings and Salt.

Washburn-Crosby Co's Gold Medal Flour

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Corner Michigan Avenue and 112th Place.

A. H. BARBER & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Butter, Cheese, Eggs & Poultry

COLD STORAGE

229-231 SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE MAIN 2018

ASK FOR *Coyne's* VIENNA NEW ENGLAND COUNTY FAIR DADDY DOLLAR CREAM OF MILK.

AT ANY GROCERY.

—OR—

Coyne's Bakeries,

164-166 Madison St. and 179-181 Lake St.

An Open Door for more business.

—THE—

TELEPHONE

has revolutionized trade methods broadly and brought to the individual opportunities of business growth never before possible.

Why not enjoy the advantages and profit of the telephone

Yourselves?

THE BEST SERVICE AT LOWEST RATES.

Chicago Telephone Co. CONTRACT DEPT. 203 Washington St.

FRAZER

ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!

The Best Axle Grease IN THE WORLD.

FACTORIES: New York, Chicago, St. Louis.

AXLE GREASE

For Omnibuses, Carriages, Wagons, Drays and Threshing Machines.

FRAZER LUBRICATOR CO., MANUFACTURERS

J. F. SMULSKI & CO.,

565 NOBLE STREET,

PRINTERS,

IN ENGLISH, GERMAN AND POLISH.

"GAZETA KATOLICKA," the Best Advertising Medium among the Polish residents of Chicago and America.

APPLY FOR RATES.

D. M. FULMER, Pres. WM. C. KUESTER, V.-Pres. & Treas. WM. J. H. SCHROEDER, Sec.

FULMER, KUESTER, SCHROEDER CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

LUMBER

LATH, SHINGLES AND POSTS

Mill-work and Interior Finish.

SPECIALTY CEDAR POLES AND POSTS Telephone Lake View 882

BRANCH YARDS: MORTON GROVE, ILLINOIS Mill: Wellington, Mich.

1455-1476 LINCOLN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

W. A. HINKINS

PROPRIETOR OF THE

Erie Livery and Boarding Stable.

199 TO 201 ERIE STREET, CHICAGO.

Telephone North 1076.

Strictly High-grade Carriages, Broughams and Light Livery

E. MUELHOEFER & BRO.

UNDERTAKERS.

112 and 114 Clybourn Avenue,

CHICAGO.

Telephone North 411.

PURE as the PUREST

HIGHEST IN QUALITY. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THESE BRANDS. LOWEST IN PRICE.

NONE BETTER.

The J. C. Grant Chemical Company,

110, 112, 114 West Lake Street, CHICAGO.